Love Letters of a Mormon Wife

rmer is absent on a mission to New York. me picture of the practice of polygamy and

is blighting affect upon womankind.

In his opening letter Orson speaks of his inthe mission field. He incidentally Brooklyn, and describes the daughter, Miss Emms, in glowing terms, also his endeavor to envert her to the Mormon faith. The wife, hom he had converted and married cight cars previous, while on a former mission to semiessee, has her suspicious aroused. She reminesse has her suspicious aroused. She remines him of his solemn promise not to oncer polygamy during her life or after her death should be survive her. She urses him to allow another to undertake Miss Bell's conversion. This he refuses to do, claiming that to dare not trust a younger man with so seighty a matter. He tells of other visits to the Bell home and of a proposed evening with Miss Bell at the opera, justifying his actions upon the ground of religion, and treating his wife's jealousy as the effect of early training. The wife yields to his arguments, and withcraws her objections to his visits to the home of the New York girl. She still urges, however, that the conversion of Miss Bell must only thought, pointing out that the

THE MISSIONARY'S JOY.

He Maps Out a Course of Study for His Wife.

New York, November 15, 1990.

My Darling Alice:—I cannot tell, sweet wife, of the joy and satisfaction that thrilited my soul while reading your dear letter. The little glimpse of home-life you gave me; the picture of Mary at the gate, her golden hair streaming in the pure mountain air, the love-light in her bonny blue eyes; the lovely face of her dear mother at the door—I see it all, and even above the din and bustle of this modern Gomorrah, I hear your voice and hers. oice and hers. And this brings me, little wife, to

of this modern Gomorran, I near your voice and hers.

And this brings me, little wife, to say that I know the love of a true Latterday Saint is of a different kind from that which stirs the heart of the Gentile. It is firmer, stronger and broader, for it has been revealed to us, and we know more fully than the Gentile can ever hope to know, that our children are immertal beings and that they have lived in another state before coming to this world. Thoy were ours before birth, and ours they will be throughout eternity. For the change called death does not and cannot break up the family relation. It is this that leads the Mormon to years so for children. Not alone, as you know, for their love, but for their, and his ewn, eternal glory.

You did well allee, in asking me to map out a course of study which would lead your thoughts away from those rest-destroying phantoms which seem to be haunting you. First, I would have you take the "Doctrine and Covenants" and study the subject of celestial marriage. Then read carefully the comments on this same subject by that great philosopher of the Saints, whose honored Christian name I bear. Orson Pratt. In them you will learn that which will drive away what jealous thoughts you may have allowed to lead you from the path of obedience and truth, and I must say, Alice, make you willing even to share your husland with another, although you exacted from him a profitise never to take another as his wife.

ABOUT THE PROMISE.

ABOUT THE PROMISE

ABOUT THE PROMISE

Pardon me, dear wife; that promise was given to the girl who had not yet learned cil the deep secrets of our glorious religion. The woman who has become a true Latter-day Saint, who has made her marriage vows within the holy temple of our God, as you have done, cannot hold her husband to such a compact. The reason I need not, but nevertheless will, explain. You yourself have said it, and one of your recent letters has emphasized it, that polygamy is the highest state a man or woman can enter either in this world or the life to come. Why is it the highest state? Because the highest celestial glory can only be attained by those who thus immolate themselves upon the altar of obedience to divine command. The manifesto issued by that holy prophet of our God, President Wilford Woodcruft, Gld not do away with polygamy, but only left it in abeyance until such time as the power would be given to the Saints to resume the relation—in the Inited States.

ANOTHER NICE GIRL.

ANOTHER NICE GIRL.

At the opera, which in my last I told ou I would attend with the Bell family. I met a cousin of Miss Emma. She a Miss Endicott, a scion of one of the old Virginia families. She is on a visit to her New York relatives. Miss Endicott is one of the most beautiful women I have ever met. She is very different from her cousin, Emma. Her mother is a creole and she has inherited all the dark loveliness of that race of beautiful women, Her half is a blue-black and her features as regular as those of the Venus de Medici. The most striking thing about her is her eyes, which are those large dreamy, black orbs that seem to look beneath the surface and read your very soul.

beneath the surface and read your very soul.

The following afternoon I made my return call and we were soon in a religious discussion. She is a Catholic and very tenacious of her views. But when I pointed out, even from between the lids of her own Catholic Bible, the evidence of our faith she was staggered. When steff it was with a pressing invitation to return in the near future and resume the conversation. This I have already some I see signs, unmistakeable signs, that she is ready to investigate the fruth of our Latter-day dispensation. You see, little wife that fate seems to bind me to the Bell mansion. I send you by this same mail some of the newest successes in music. How I would love to hear you sing them. My darling, the hour is getting late, and I must draw this letter to a close. Remember me in your pure prayers. Last night I dreamed that you were with me and now over the vast expanse of plain, her and mountain, I send you the kisses.

Edited by Clyde Ellioft

and not fill every letter you write her with accounts of them.

Of course I am always anxious for your welfure and eager to learn of your labors and pleasures in the great metropolis of the Gentiles. And I would indeed feel slighted and neglected should you fail to confide in me all that you experience in the field of religion and the realm of society. Be sure, dear, in each letter to give me all the news.

Emma Bell, I now presume, has a rival in the person of her cousin for the heart of my husband. Queer does all this seem to me, that you would in one letter write affectionately of Emma Bell and in the very next disclose a pussion for another woman whom you had just met. Strange, very strange. I cannot see what object you would have in this rash behavior unless—oh, God! I cannot say it—unless you are contemplating plural marriage with one of these women, and are undecided as to which one it shall be; or perhaps it is that you have designs on them both, You to which one it shall be, or perhaps it is that you have designs on them both. You leave me in doubt; doubt in my religion, myself, my husband, in everything! DOUBTS EVEN GOD.

nyself, my husband, in everything!

DOUBTS EVEN GOD

I am so worked up I almost doubt that there is a God at all, almost realize that everybody in this world is a worshiper of self, that men are but beasts, and women but fools if they surrender their selfish, or natural, feelings to long-suffering here below for an exalted strte in the vague, mystle, uncertain hereaftet. To me, women's position on earth is too limited and man's too vast to bring about a perfect affinity of the sexes. When man has full license of his natural inclinations and woman absolutely none there cannot exist betwirt them a peaceful state in marriage.

Your arguments for plural marriage, the same as those I have often read in the "Doutrines and Covenents," have failed to make the desired impression upon me or to remove from my mind the thought I still maintain to be the most secred truth, which is that a promise given by a Mormon to his wife before marriage is as binding and holy as any one, or all, of the Ten Commandments. If you have honor as a man, whether Mormon or Gentile, you cannot and will not break that promises "never to wed another." No religion, no philosophy, no sophistry is worth much that commands a man to break a vow given to the woman of his choice and heart, the companion of his life here and hereafter.

HOLDS TO THE PROMISE.

Think you that Gen. Washington or Abraham Lincoln, or our own beloved commander, Robert E. Lee, would let anything, even a death warrant, influence him or compel him to break a promise given a superior, a companion or an in-ferior? These men were not Latter-day Saints, bi-seed in the possession of the true gospel, and consequently were not ferior? These men were not Latter-day Saints, blissed in the possession of the true gospel, and consequently were not expected to have so high a concept of ronor as air men, yet, if history speaks aright, their lives teach a greater, nooler lesson, not alone upon the battle-licid or in the forum, but in their family affairs than that which your ambition to increase the number of your wives—if realized—will teach our little Mary in years to come when she will have developed into womanhood, with a woman's heart and a woman's feelings. Her mother a victim of a system of relentless tyranny—a noble lesson?

(Or if the lives of our country's three most illustrious citizens are insufficient to awaken your soul to its true sense of duty, glance at the history of a man uniented in books and society, but who knew it his rough, backwoods way the difference between right and wrong and in knowing it never faltered in choosing the right. In Tennessee a man who is loved by all alike for many valiant deeds, but most of all for the promise he made his mother early in life, and kept until the inoment of his death.

Said the mother to her son the day he went forth into the world, "Be sure your are right, Davey, then go ahead."

And Crockett made answer, "All right, mother—I promise you, in whatever I do, to do right."

Pass over his history of stirring events to the last page, and there will be read

to do right."

Pass over ris history of stirring events to the last page, and there will be read the saddest as well as grandest passage in his or any history. At the ill-fated tattle of the Alamo, where he and a few companions resisted for days the attacks of 7000 Mexican soldiers, Crockett fell fighting. But he sold his life dearly, he did not fear death, because he knew he was right and the Mexicans drong. He kept the promise made his mother, preferring to die rather than break it.

GOOD ADVICE TO HIM.

Onlied States.
You may think this is harsh, my wife; it may even cause you tears, but, dear one, I cannot help that. Do not doubt my love for you, for by my hope of eternal felicity I swear it, fay heart is as truly yours today, yee, even more fully yours, than on the glad morning eight years ago when I claimed you as my birde.
You deprecate your want of faith. Alice, my darling, it is not want of faith which thus causes you to suffer, but the want of control over your unruly heart. If you will turn your thoughts to the great eternity which we shall spend together in glory the trials of the little span of life we have on this plane will seem very small; we shall then be as gods.

In one portion of your letter you urge me not to think of the material beauty of Emmal Bell. You even go so far as to point out that my duty as a missionary crases when she is converted to our faith. Alice, I ask you candidly, does it cease? What if you had been left in Tennessee after you had accepted the ordinance of baptism? Would you have been grounded in the faith as you are loveled in the wife of the world against it? Answer that your reason.

ANOTHER NICE GIRL.

At the opera, which in my state of the little span and to the conclusion.

ANOTHER NICE GIRL.

At the opera, which in my learned to the conclusion and the last Lovingly.

ALICE.

THE MISSIONARY GRIEVES.

It Was Not "His" Alice Who Could Thus Find Fault. New York City, Nov. 30, 1900.

My Poor Little Wife: I have your letter

My Poor Little Wife: I have your letter before me. For the twentieth time I have read it over trying to find the source of your thoughts and the trend of reasoning which give it utterance. One thing I have discovered, which is, that it was not my Alice who wrote it. This I know for it is not at all like her.

I fear me that my long absence and the cates of the household falling entirely upon you have made you nervous and weak. Alice, my pet, can it be that you are in poor health and out of fear of making my labors less successful keep the truth from me? Tell me, Alice, am I correct? Do tell me. It must be so for I can account for your strange epistle in no other way. Nevertheless, I shall try to answer your questions in detail.

To begin with, I am not trying to conceal a wanton love for any woman beneath a "cloak of holy Truth". Why my conduct with Miss Beil and Miss Endicott should disgust you I fail to understand, and you fail to point out. Alice, my wife, your nerves must be gone, you must be in ill health. You vituperate, but you do not reason. Again, you say, or rather infer, that you have a probable rival In Miss Beil. or Miss Endicott, or both. I cannot allow this to pass without a plain denial. In answering this I will have answered the remainder of your letter.

NO RIVAL POSSIBLE.

I will begin by making the broad as-

NO RIVAL POSSIBLE.

one spirit, one being, merging their very identity together, and as such rising, step by step, to the dignity and glory of a god.

WHAT ABOUT POLYGAMY?

You may ask what has that to do with the system polygamy? It has this my child: It leaves upon it the stamp of ap-probation of the pages of Holy Writ and, the system polygamy? It has this my child: It leaves upon it the stamp of approbation of the pages of Holy Writ and, I must say it, the example of our Divine Lord and Savier, Jesus Christ. Let me spenk in detail. Abraham, whom God chose from out all the world to be the father of a race that would carry down the true faith until the coming of the Lord, was a polygamist. David, who was aincinted by God to be a king and ruler over his people and of whom our Heavenity Father said, "He was a man after his own heart," was also a polygamist. So was Solomon, the wise. So was Jacob, the overcomer. So were thousands of the great men spoken of in the Old Testament. Last and more glorious than all, Jesus, the Son of God, was a polygamist. Need I recall to your mind that story of the marriage in Canaan, at which the Lord performed his first great miracle? Need I tell to you the story of Mary and Martha with whom Jesus dwelt? I ask, need I point out to you. Alice, the many, many incidents of his life here on earth, to prove to you that these women were his wives? Who but his wives would have been at the tomb, and in the manner of those days say that they had come to find out where their lord was laid?

Farther I can go, and will go. From the acts of the apostles down to the last spistics of the apostles there is every proof for the belief that polygamy was practiced by the early Christian church. And it was only discontinued when Christianity became tainted with the practices of the Gentilles of those days. The heathen Romans and Greeks were monogamists. But monogamy was only one of the many institutions of heathen practice which crept into the church, until at last the gift of the priesthood was withdrawn from earth, to be restored again through the Prophet Joseph Smith.

GENTILES AS HEATHEN.

GENTILES AS HEATHEN GENTILES AS HEATHER.

This is the reason why the Gentiles are monogamists; they are still following the example of those heathen nations and not the example of the Sen of God and the church which he founded upon carth. Our family of husband and wives is God's plan of a family. Monogamy is a law

family of husband and wives is God's plan of a family. Monogamy is a law of man.

My wife, I can bear you ask, "Why is it that the heart of a woman rebels against polygamy." My answer must be that her heart is in this in rebellion against God and not like that of the holy Sarah, who gave Hagar to the faithful Abraham as his wife.

Now my dear Alice. I must speak as a Mormon and as a man. The heart of a man is so made that it can receive more than one woman and lose not an atom of love for the one he wedded first. Even as a mother loves the youngest of her children with the same fervor as she felt for the first, so can a man receive a second and a third woman, and even more, to his heart, and love and cherish them all alike. Polyandry is impossible, for through it parentage would be lost. Therefore, polygamy being God's law and God's way of building up a family, the first wife can have no rival in her husband's love. Your reason will tell you that such a thing is impossible.

When the state of polygamy is entered through obedience to the Gospel and when love leads the way, such a union becomes vile. In a like manner, when a man and a woman live in a state of monogamy without religion and without love, such is not marriage but merely a state of legalized fornication.

Alice, sweet Alice. I have always believed our marriage to be one acceptable to God. I know it was so with me. Let me. I beeseech you, still believe it was and is, the same with you.

NO EXAMPLE FOR HIM.

In support of your contentions you speak

NO EXAMPLE FOR HIM.

NO EXAMPLE FOR HIM.

In support of your contentions you speak of Washington, Lincoln, Lee and Crockett. My darling, their example only makes my position stronger. Washington was the born subject of King George of England, and yet he disregarded his yow to his sovereign. Why? Because he knew it was right that he do so. Robert E. Lee was an officer in the American army. As an officer he took the yow to support the constitution of the United States. Yet we find him a leader in a great war against the United States. Why? Because he thought he was right. Davy Crockett died while defending what he thought was right. Our beloved prophet, Joseph Smith, and his brother. Hiram, were martyred for following what they thought was right. Our people left their homes in civilization and migrated to the arid mountain vaileys of the West because they would not give up what they knew was right. You ask me to follow in a more especial manner the example of Crockett My wife, my love, I am willing to do so to the letter. I am willing to do so to the letter. I am willing to lay down my life for the right.

Dry your eyes, my beloved Alice, and when bitter thoughts come to you, know that your husband loves you—in a word. Dry your eyes, my beloved Alice, and when bitter thoughts come to you, know that your husband loves you—in a word adores his wife and child, and know, let what betide, that he will ever stand for truth, love and right.

Write me and right.

TEARS AND GRIEF.

truth, love and right.

Write me soon, my darling, and believed am your loving husband.

ORSON

The Wife in Agony, but Sees That She Has Sinned. Salt Lake City, Dec. 5, 1900.

She Has Sinned.

Salt Lake City, Dec. 5, 1906.

My dear Orson:—How naughty you have been not to write me sooner! Nine days are all that usually elapse from the time I write you until I receive a reply. It now has been fifteen days since I wrote you last. All week I waited impatiently for the postman to bring the letter that now lies open before me. Oh, how glad I was when it came! I had begun to think I had offended you and that you would not write me again—soon.

(Later) The above was written this morning immediately after receiving you letter. It now is 19:29 p. m. All day I have been reading your letter, thinking deeply and earnestly of your words, and weeping more than is good for one's health. My eyes would fill and I could not help it if the tears did flow. I tried hard to keep them back, and attempted to sing and reason them away, but without effect. Yet through those clouds of grief the sun et intervals would shine, casting its radiance over me. I then would be very happy; nothing but peace would fill my heart; all would be calm and lovely. After putting mary to bed I read your letter again, this time to see clearly why you have reproved me, although in the most gentle language, for the position I maintained in my last opposing one portion of our creed; see clearly that I have sinned in placing my selfish ideas above the inspired teachings of Joseph, the Prophet, and the Bible. When I wrote that letter to you, Orson, deep down in my soul I knew I was doing wrong to so viclously attack polygamy. But the selfish dross of early training gained possession of my animal instincts, forcing for the time being my spiritual womanhood and duty to remain slient.

GENTILES AS MONSTERS.

GENTILES AS MONSTERS.

GENTILES AS MONSTERS.
When I look about me, even in this city of the Saints, at their mode of living, their various so-called religions, their infelictly in home life, their hatred and jealousy, the ilcentiousness of their men and vanity and selfishness of their women, the Gentiles become monsters, creatures without souls, degenerates to be shunned by the Mormon, and despised as rebels against God and his son, Jesus Christ. And if they themselves are to be shunned, their teachings and worldly systems, domestic and otherwise, are cer-

member me in your pure prayers. Last night, I dreamed that you were with me nd now over the vast expanse of plain, for and mountain, I send you the kisses of rave you then.

Your loving husband.

ORSON.

THE WIFE NOT DECEIVED.

She Notes Her Husband's Fondness for the Two Girls.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Nov. 20, 1900.

My Dear Orson-What a change has taken place in your letters of the past wind mouth. None of that spirit of real love which previously fired every line you include now manifests itself. Nothing low do I see but a mixture of famatic resign and wanton love for females which you are striving hard to conceal under the cloak of holy Truth.

Your conduct both with the Bell woman and her cousin is, to say the least, the last itself in the contract of the said and her cousin is, to say the least, the last itself in the provision of a true wife you should at least itself your amours to yourself the contract of the remainder of your letter.

No RIVAL POSSIBLE.

I will begin by making the broad assortion that a Mormon wife cannot have a morn wife cannot have a morn wife cannot have a morn of the least in the least in the last magnetic that a morn wife cannot have a morn of the least in the least in the last magnetic than the constance of their warious so-called religions, their harde and held various so-called religions, their harde and their various so-called religions, their harded and servery server as the felicity in home life, their harded and their various so-called religions, their harded and servery services and the various so-called religions, their harded and their various so-called religions, their harded and vanity and selfishness of their warmons as the least of the subtract of the past of the feations of their warmons as their magnet was the least of the feations of their various so-called re

by proving beyond doubt the absolute truth of our Faith, the only rightcous faith existing on earth.

Oh! would that I could recall my letters to you of late, letters filled with Jealousy and selfishness, two sins becoming the Gentile woman, but wholly unworthy of and disgraceful to the Mormon. I blush for shame when I think that I did, even for a brief space, sink from that exaited state, the holy inheritance of all Mormon women true to their Faith, to the degrading level of women of the outside world, women who, when the Lord commands, shall be destroyed for their injusity.

CHARGED WITH GILLT.

CHARGED WITH GUILT.

When I think of the guilt with which I am charged before the Throne of Heaven I tremble with fear, my soul rebels and I burst forth in a passion of ters. Oh! how could I be so wicked? Phantems of the past haunt me not! Away! Away! I know I am unclean, unworthy, a vile, ungrateful wretch, descring of no reward here or hereafter—but do not haunt me! Oh! let me weep and in my tears repent, and if such is possible, obtain forgiveness, pardon for my sin, one of the greatest, most hellish sins a Mormon wife can possible be guilty of—jealousy. That word makes me shudder! Oh, that I had never known its meaning or felt its unsacred presence in my bosom! I feel that I shall go mad if I am not soon relieved of my grief and guilt, through pardon from above.

Almighty God thy child, a sinner, kneels low before thee, beseeching forgiveness for the heavy crime with which she is so justly charged. Forgive me, Oh Father, and let me go forth a clean woman, vowing never again to transgress thy sacred laws. And furthermore, oh Lord, I have sinned again, in denouncing thy holiest ordinance, the divine ordinance of polygamy, as revealed to our Prophet. Forgive me this, oh Lord! I repent. I am a sinner.

MADE ABOMINABLE. CHARGED WITH GUILT.

MADE ABOMINABLE

In a moment of jealousy, becoming none out the godless, the Heaven-defying, ebelled against this most sacred of laws rebelled against this most sacred of laws and made myself abominable in thy sight. But now I see my terrible mistake and here upon my knees, in thought, while writing to the husband of my heart and soul; he whom you so pleased to give me in holy marriage, here in black and white, that he may also witness my supplies, and instance and a fit mother for my substant's love and a fit mother for my substant's limitative, all passion, which still dross, all iniquity, all passion, which still remain with me; all that which was carried by me in your holy religion from the godless world of the Gentiles. I ask this in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

And yet, my beloved Orson, I feel that

in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.
And yet, my beloved Orson, I feel that I have asked too much of him, the Maker and Ruler of all things. But if I only receive pardon for half my transgressions I shall feel myself relieved of a mighty burden, shall hold such as a godly sign, knowing that in time I shall be blessed by a full pardon and thereby saved from damnation, the thoughts of which almost drive me mail.

Write me soon. Send me comforting words. I thirst for truth, knowing my store to be so small, and shall die from spiritual starvation unless I rise rapidly from the degrading depths jealously and selfishness have hurled me.

Your unworthy, unhappy wife,
ALICE.

[Continued Next Sunday.]

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STRICTURE.

I treat every case according to its requirements, first satisfying myself as to the exact condition by careful examination and inquiry, Stricture in any form is not difficult to cure, and by my method of irrigation and digestion I am able to cure the most severe cases. I do not cut or dilate with bougies, and when I have dismissed a case the canal is sound and healthy and perfectly natural.

VARICOCELE.

My method of curing varicocele consists of absorption by which means the stagnant blood is transuded into the cellular tissue and finally ejected in the same manner as all other waste matter. The ganglionic nerves, the weakness of which causes Varicocele, are restored by the administration of a tonic, and a complete cure is possible in every case.

NERVOUS DECLINE. In treating pelvic diseases, from which

ly all nervous disorders originate, I have ticular advantages over other physician cause I have a thorough knowledge of the and cause of the disease. My success is d experience and research from the entire w of medical science. My scientific cours treatment stops all Drains, Emissions and stores the organs so that sexual power is c

PILES

Are small vascular tumors, and they I a most degrading influence on the gen health. I cure piles without cutting, nor use any ligature or carbolic acid inject which treatment has ruined many. My ment is safe and painless, causing no dete to business, and when you are dismissed by you are cured for life.

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